

CORRU

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*Compten*

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MOCK HEROIC.

In Four CANTOS.

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By the Author of the *Consultation*.

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L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXXX.

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MOCK HEROIC.

In Four CANTOS.

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By the Author of the *Captivity*.

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L O N D O N.

Printed at the *Press*.

To the worthy *Gentlemen* of the *stedfast*  
(*alias turnabout*) *Society*, *alias* the  
✓ *White-Lyon Club* in the *City of Bristol*,  
*Gentlemen!*

JUSTICE and Propriety seem to direct the following sheets to you of Course---more especially as they celebrate an Event wherein you obtained so signal a triumph over the real Interest of your Country; The Delegates lately returned for this City having been picked out from your Body.

Who would have thought that ever the *Gadarenes* of a Party that in the last reign breathed nothing else but fury and *Amputation* against the King and Government, should now at last, under the mask of Loyalty, find means

to

in England, and have clay no doubt  
for the hand of the Minister.

May we always retain a lively re-  
membrance and proper sense of your  
kindness and liberal support of the  
Association to the rights of the Poor  
and your benevolence for the Ministry  
of King William and the Succession  
and that we shall never be  
unprepared against the future  
actions of the White Paper and  
any other Tory paper.

I am, Sir, your  
Obedient Servant

THE AUTHOR.

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# C O R R U P T I O N.

## C A N T O FIRST.

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### The ARGUMENT.

*The Proposition and Invocation. PARTY after five Years sleep awakes—She endeavours again to compose herself to rest, but is prevented by the Remembrance of former Disappointment.—Having related an Intrigue between her and POWER, which terminates in the birth of FACTION, She determines to put an end to her existence; which just as she is going to execute, she is prevented from doing, by the entrance of CORRUPTION, who cautions her against Despair. informs her the Parliament is dissolved, and recommends it to her to convene her Friends together; in order to make an Effectual stand against Freedom.—Comforted at this assurance, they go out together; and on their way are met by INGRATITUDE; who invites them to his Cave.—They accept of the Invitation, and upon reaching the interior Recesses, find a Banquet provided.—A description thereof, and of those who presided at the feast.*

O F bloodless Battles, preordain'd by Fate ;  
 Of lingual Contest, and of warm Debate ;  
 Of subtle plans, of stratagems and toils,  
 Domestic differences and civil Broils ;

X How by Corruption's fable Clouds o'ercaſt, 5  
 Virtue expires, and Freedom breathes her laſt !

How Treafury Gold the magic pow'r contains  
 Of giving wit to Fools, to Blockheads brains ;

✓ How in the cauſe of PARTY knaves unite,  
 How Right is chang'd to Wrong, how Wrong to Right ; 10  
 How curs'd Venality extending wide,

Titles to Coxcombs gives, and wealth to Pride,

How Law exerts her Quirks in Powers defence,

How Magiſtrates fall out with Common Senſe,

How reverend Priests turn miniſterial tools, 15

X And Fools ſtart up, the delegates of Fools.

Theſe be my Themes—for to ſuch Themes belong

The deathleſs trophies of heroic Song :

Theſe be my Themes—O thou my pen inſpire,

Who gav'ſt to Shenſtone taſte, to Churchill fire ! 20

Five times the Sun had run his annual courſe,  
 And changing Seasons own'd his genial force ;

Five times the Earth had been with plenty crown'd,  
 When PARTY waken'd from her Sleep profound;  
 From side to side the care-worn Goddess turn'd,  
 Whilst Ætna's fires within her bosom burn'd;  
 Contending Passion Hell-engender'd spright,  
 Chas'd blank Oblivion back to endless Night.  
 In vain she strove her slumbers to renew;  
 Remembrance still the veil of Fancy drew;  
 Still to her mind past scenes invidious spread,  
 Whilst Disappointment hover'd o'er her head.

Around her blood-shot eyes enraged she cast,  
 And muttering Curfes, wish'd each look her last;  
 But ah! no ease, no comfort could she know,  
 Steep'd in the dismal Gulph of endless woe;  
 E'en Death, pale Tyrant, saw her wrapt in grief;  
 Yet broke his dart, nor brought the wish'd relief!

When thus the Mourner—"Where, ah where are now  
 "The wreaths of Conquest, that once deck'd my brow?  
 "Wither'd and dead the leafless Laurels lye,  
 "The sport of winds that from each Quarter fly!  
 "Ah what avails that once in am'rous hour,

" CORRUPTION led me to the throne of POWER ;

" Where as deep blushes crimson'd o'er my face, 45

" He eager strain'd me to his warm embrace,

" And as my Soul with wanton Ardour burn'd,

" My yielding Limbs his warm embrace return'd !

" Nine tedious Months my teeming Womb gave sign

" That all a Mother's fondest hopes where mine ; 50

" Nine tedious Months my burthen I sustain'd,

" Nor shed a tear, nor ever once complain'd :

" When as matured by Time's creative Pow'r,

" Repeated throes proclaim'd the natal hour,

" Unable longer to conceal my Shame, 55

" A Son I bore, and FACTION was his name.

" Blest with each grace, with each perfection blest,

" Carest, adored, nor without cause carest ;

" Faction grew up, whilst Acclamation loud

" Proclaim'd his wondrous talents to the Croud ; 60

" The busy Croud by Admiration led,

" Both far and wide his wond'rous talents spread ;

" In frantic sort their greasy Caps up hurl'd,

" And hail'd him Lord and Victor of the world !

" Ah

" Ah what avails it that with partial view, 65  
 " I now recount the Joys which once I knew?  
 " Widow'd, depriv'd of hope, and rob'd of rest,  
 " Grief in my Eyes and Anguish at my breast,  
 " From Bliss cut off in expectation's hour,  
 " And Faction bleeding in the Arms of Power! 70  
 " (For ah! these Eyes beheld him as he lay,  
 " Where FREEDOM stab'd him in the face of Day.)  
 " Shall I at once my wayward Fortunes brave,  
 " And boldly seek for Comfort in the Grave?  
 " Shall I my Woes in dark Oblivion drown, 75  
 " Prest with the load of Care that weighs me down,  
 " Or high suspended court the public view,  
 " As Crewys did, and Worrall soon may do?  
 " Yes, be it so—This Hour shall seal my doom;  
 " For lo! Despair invites me to my Tomb!" 80

She said—

And from each Taper Leg a Garter drew,  
 Silken the Texture and the Colour Blue;  
 Spotless they seem'd, save where as Griefs impell,  
 And Sorrows urge the saline Currents fell;  
 E'en such *Dunbar*, thy pitying Nymphs *distill'd*, 85

When

When Freedom rose as Faction fled the Field;  
 And such the Ribbons they with skill entwine,  
 By Folly taught, to make poor *Norman* fine.  
 With these a fatal Noose her fingers tied,  
 And to her snowy Neck the Knot applied; 90  
 Her stifled sighs proclaim'd her Soul's dismay,  
 Tho' Resolution madly mark'd the way.

And now ambitious of heroic Fame,  
 Three times the Goddess call'd on *Dido's* name:  
 Three times with *Dido's* name the Roofs rebound, 95  
 And "*Dido! Dido!*" eccho'd all around.  
 Then on a tripod mounted high to view,  
 Accross a beam the twisted silk she threw;  
 The twisted silk obedient to her will,  
 Her fingers courted and confess'd her skill. 100

But now black Clouds obscure Heav'n's azure face,  
 And nature sickning trembles to her base;  
 Hoarse thunders roll, Earth with Convulsions quakes,  
 The doors fly open and the palace shakes!  
 Pale and aghast the Goddess stood on high, 105  
 Unfit to live and yet afraid to die.

When

When now CORRUPTION, fav'rite of the Croud,  
 Enwrapt and mantled in an April cloud,  
 Smiling like *Hebe* with deceitful wiles,  
 Hell in her heart and ruin in her smiles; 110  
 Approach'd the fatal spot and thus address'd  
 The mournful mistress of the troubled breast.

- " Goddess, what mean those sighs and what those tears?  
 " Why shakes thy bosom thus with boding fears?  
 " For shame! for shame! let not thy towering mind 115  
 " To mean and vulgar passions be resign'd:  
 " Let low bred souls, the sons of Earth and Care,  
 " Coblers and Justices, affect Despair:  
 " On thee far better things the Fates bestow,  
 " Whole Years of pleasure unallay'd by Woe. 120  
 " For know, great GEORGE, as valiant as he's wife,  
 " Who from his Subjects never asks *supplies*;  
 " Who never yet a single wish bestow'd  
 " To wage vain war, and swell the public load;  
 " E'en he, this hour, (so mighty NORTH decrees) 125  
 " Dissolves the Senate, and its members frees.  
 " What then remains but that our force we try,  
 " And bravely conquer, or as bravely die?

" E'en

" E'en now Remembrance ushers to my view  
 " When Freedom triumph'd and when Faction flew; 130  
 " Wounded he flew, whilst cold Compassion gave  
 " No eye to Pity and no hand to save.  
 " Rouse then!—and whilst Revenge inspires thy breast,  
 " And fierce Resentment hovers o'er thy Crest,  
 " Convene thy Friends, for friends thou hast in store, 135  
 " Who court thy Interest, and who own thy Power.  
 " Aided by them, pale Virtue shall retreat,  
 " And FREEDOM crouch submissive at our feet;  
 " Venality her standard shall erect,  
 " And gentle Folly meet with due respect; 140  
 " That due Respect which ancient Dulness plan'd,  
 " Dulness and Folly still go hand in hand.  
 " And lest Suspicion should demand some proof;  
 " *Chapman* with *Capel* \* comes to vouch the truth.  
 " Quick then descend!—The important news made  
 " Doubt not O Goddess but the days our own." [known,—  
 " As when some wretch whom boistrous seas surround,  
 Whom hunger pinches and whom fears confond;

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\* The ingenious Manufacturers of a very harmless Poem which  
 has long since made its literary Exit, entitled—" *The Fallen  
 Candidates*."

Drooping and pale, surveys the barren shore,  
Laments his fate, and counts his sorrows o'er : 150

Yet, if some friendly sail by chance he spies,  
Hope once again rekindles in his Eyes,  
New Joys from Mem'ry's book Misfortune ~~lot~~,  
And all his former suff'rings are forgot.

So now the Goddess from her fears set free, 155  
A proselite to Equanimity,  
Descends the tripod, joins in close embrace,  
Whilst Peace and Pleasure triumph'd in her face.

Swift from the Palace now withdrew the pair,  
Hope led the way, and Ruin form'd the rear : 160  
When full in front terrific to behold,  
Appear'd a Being of no common Mould ;  
Enfabled o'er with Shades of Stygian die,  
Black as the Clouds that veil a winter's Sky,  
Cold as the breast which Charity ne'er warm'd, 165  
Rough as the seas by angry winds deform'd,  
Malicious, pale and spiteful, dead to Joy,  
Anxious to wound, and eager to destroy.

B

Scarce

Scarce from the darken'd womb call'd forth to light,  
 As Day's bright beams first pleas'd his wond'ring sight, 170  
 Ere yet his joints were able to sustain,  
 Their mortal load of Wretchedness and pain ;  
 Ere yet Remembrance had unseal'd her roll,  
 Or Infant Reason dawn'd upon his Soul ;  
 By Rage inspir'd (where never Rage was due) 175  
 As from the breast the source of health he drew,  
 With tooth envenom'd, and unwholesome breath,  
 To her who gave him Life he carried Death !  
 Such was the Monster, nor could Virtue trace  
 Through all his Soul a single spark of grace ; 180  
 Such was the Monster, nor could Reason find  
 A ray of Goodness beaming thro' his mind ;  
 Whilst Observation's piercing eye survey'd  
 Folly and Vice alternately display'd ;  
 Fix'd, Rooted in his heart, she there descry'd, 185  
 A Casberd's meanness, and a Camplin's pride.

When thus the Stranger—" Goddess if my Pray'r  
 " May find admission to thy ready Ear ;  
 " If yet INGRATITUDE for such my name,  
 " To Party's favour may assert a Claim ; 190  
 " Hear

" Hear my Request ; and if my honest zeal,  
 " (Meant tho' it be O Goddesses for thy weal,)  
 " Should give offence, let Pity intercede,  
 " Accept the will, but Oh forgive the deed !

" Within my Cave, remote from busy eyes, 195  
 " Conceal'd from day, a secret Chamber lies ;  
 " There whilst grim Horror noxious vapours shed,  
 " With hands unhallow'd I a feast have spread ;  
 " A glorious feast ! form'd of no vulgar food,  
 " But human hearts sleep'd warm in human blood. 200  
 " Here as the copious Goblett circles round,  
 " And Birds of Night emit a solemn sound,  
 " A rev'rend Junto meets, from Labour free,  
 " Friends to INGRATITUDE, and Friends to thee.  
 " Oft I their Faith and Loyalty have seen, 205  
 " Their love for Party, Petulence and Spleen ;  
 " Have view'd their arts prevail with double force,  
 " And trac'd each fav'rite object to its source ;  
 " Finding whilst Joy in every pulse took share,  
 " Thy Good that Object, and thy cause their care. 210  
 " Deign then O Goddesses to reward their toils,  
 " And bless the reeking Banquet with thy smiles ;

" And whilst thy raptur'd sense as in a dream,  
 " Delighted draws the sanguinary steam;  
 " Shew them, whilst myriads glory in thy name, 215  
 " That Vice's cause and Party's are the same:  
 " Shew them, whilst Transport every thought unbends,  
 " That foes to Virtue only are thy Friends."

She ceased,—and at her word in order due,  
 The massy gates wide on their hinges flew: 220  
 Then towards the Cave, impatient of delay,  
 The wond'ring Goddess bent her eager way;  
 Whilst by her side CORRUPTION closely sped,  
 And black INGRATITUDE the vanguard led.

Now the thick Gloom the bidden guests assail, 225  
 Whilst Courage trembled, and even Faith turn'd pale;  
 No sound of Joy the murky Dungeon knows,  
 No balmy pleasures, and no soft repose:  
 But here the Owl discordant numbers sings,  
 And the hoarse Raven flaps his heavy wings; 230  
 Here endless Night in Horror's pomp array'd,  
 Sheds all around his everlasting shade;  
 Here greedy Death his mystic vigils keeps,

Whilst

Whilst Health flies distant, and whilst Reason sleeps.

But now the *Adytum* appear'd to fight, 235

Where feebly gleam'd a taper's pallid light :

Here round a table spread with wondrous skill,

Eight black Ingrates indulg'd, and took their fill,

Eight black Ingrates, whom Hell (for plagues design'd,)

Sent in an angry hour to curse Mankind : 240

Sent to convince us, by Example free,

How very base the human heart may be !

First on the recreant list in black array'd,

The sacred Ensign waving o'er his head,

X Pale *Wilkins* came, to native meanness true, 245

Whom Shame forsook, and Honor never knew :

Who from the moment Reason held her rein,

Virtue despised, and pawn'd his soul for gain :

Who with Hypocrisy so far had run,

That she gave out, and own'd herself outdone. 250

A Wretch by every honest man dispis'd,

A talking meddling Priest by no one priz'd,

A Thing, whom Folly scarcely gave applause,

Whilst Manhood gazing, ask'd him, *what he was ?*

So

So base was he, that Baseness with an Oath, 255

Swore she was rob'd, and he'd the share of both :

So proud he was, that with unwanted rage,

Pride swore he was the *Lockier* of the Age !

So dull, that Dullness yawning o'er a Catch,

✓ Swore *Smith the Surgeon*, scarcely was his match ! 260

So vain, that Vanity, at once grown sad,

Declar'd *George Daubeny* a MODEST LAD !

So foolish, that with broad uplifted eyes

Folly declar'd that *Muggleworth* was wise !

Such was the first, and next in close array, 265

Appear'd *Tom Lucas*, eager for the day :

Childish and loud, a thing compos'd of sound,

Like his own hollow Casks his head turn'd round :

To his own hollow Casks that head bore kin,

All wood without, and emptiness within. 270

Furnish'd with such a tongue, and such a head,

By Folly guided, and by Nonsense led,

Lo *Tom* advent'rous quits fair Reason's shore,

And fights again the Senate's battle's o'er ;

And as Mistake her ragged ensign rears, 275

Truth

Truth stands aloof, and Candour melts in Tears:  
 Whilst *Tom* proceeds, and blund'ring as before,  
 Kicks Truth at once and Candour out of door,  
 Thus Vanity in spite of Wisdom's Rule,  
 To Politicians changes many a Fool! 280

Next *Hetlin* sat, and who shall *Hetlin* blame,  
 To whom Contempt and Pity lay a claim?  
*Hetlin*, a warrior on Corruption's side,  
 A wretched Compound of unmeaning Pride;  
 A mere non entity, yet undefin'd; 285  
 For Folly fashio'n'd, for Disgrace design'd;  
 Ungrateful, false, unprincipled and vile,  
 So steep'd in Baseness, and so fraught with guile,  
 So fully bent to raise Damnation's price,  
 So deeply skill'd in every human vice, 290  
 That Candour's self with unaffected praise,  
 Declar'd that *Wilkins* scarce deserv'd the bays,  
 Declar'd, whilst Eccho pleas'd rehears'd it loud,  
*Hetlin*, as mean, contemptible and proud!

Him *Thatcher* join'd—O Pity hide thy face!  
 Nor draw thy veil to shield him from disgrace:

Recorded

Recorded let the wretch forever be, 295

Whilst Ears are left to hear, or Eyes to see.

Next urg'd in Party's cause to make a push

✓ Sat *Harry Morgan*, join'd by *Robert Bush*;

*Joe Godwin* follow'd, and by meanness crown'd

\* *Nowell*, from *Newgate* scap'd, completes the round. 300

\* To delineate circumstantially the Character of this Wretch and his Companions above named; to recite the almost innumerable favours received by them, from a very deserving and ill-treated Candidate, together with the ungratefull return made to him for so doing, would be to swell this Poem into a Volume: The Candid Reader is in possession of the Facts, let him advert to the Insignificancy of the Objects, and supply any defect the above rude sketch may appear to labour under.

END of the FIRST CANTO.

# C O R R U P T I O N.

## C A N T O SECOND.

### The ARGUMENT.

*Seated on her throne the Goddess discerns the dark machinations of her Confederates and Agents in support of her Cause.—CORRUPTION in her turn displays her treasures—and demands their advice as to the most effectual means of applying them so as to avoid DETECTION. W-lk-ns being chosen speaker, anticipates the services she may expect from her friends, but councils her by no means to be sparing of her Gold. CORRUPTION determines to follow his advice and pleased with the idea pursues her Journey.*

**H**IGH on a throne supreme above the rest,

By murky Night in ebon darkness dress'd,

The wond'ring Goddess sat ; whilst all around

Applauding murmurs form'd a solemn sound.

Here from her seat the Goddess quick descry'd

✧ The pearless Projects of presumptive Pride :

How in the heart the strong desires take birth,

To root expiring Virtue from the Earth ;

How Plots prevail, how Stratagems are made,

How Lies are coin'd and Secrets are betray'd ; 10

How in those minds where forded Int'rest rules,

Friendship's a Farce and Truth a tale for Fools ;

How lull'd by soft Conceit, each blockhead dreams,

Projectors turn'd of visionary schemes ;

How buoy'd by Pride pert Dunces gravely sit, 15

✧ Give Laws to Reason and forge Chains for wit ;

How from the sev'rish brain Calm sense retires ;

And zeal for Folly every breast inspires.

These she beheld, and raptur'd at the view,

Smil'd approbation on the motley crew : 20

Pleas'd at her smiles the Croud, with transport rude,

Forget their hunger, and the Feast conclude.

So when great George—(in Wisdom taught to Rule)

Who ne'er show'rs honours on a *Knave or Fool*,

Of late in Grace and Majesty array'd, 25

On *D - - b - n's* shoulder laid the princely blade ;

*Churbin*

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, Confus'd, the Knight with trembling knees  
Retreated;—and forgot to pay his Fees!

But now Corruption with unfeign'd delight,  
Her pond'rous bags unbound produc'd to fight: 30  
Full to the view the countless treasures blaz'd,  
And each grew doubly venal as he gaz'd:  
From Man to Man the hot contagion crept,  
Whilst lull'd by Int'rest Conscience soundly slept.

“ And how, ah! how, my Sons,” Corruption cried, 35  
“ How may this golden harvest be applied?  
“ How may we so our Conduct wisely steer,  
“ That dam'd DETECTION may not interfere?  
“ Some secret means must we in haste devise,  
“ To close Suspicion's ever watchful Eyes; 40  
“ Some secret means not yet to Fame arriv'd,  
“ In Cunning founded and by Art contriv'd.  
“ Then say my sons (who 'mongst ye best can tell,  
“ Who most is practis'd in the ways of Hell;)  
“ Declare, who best of all the fable tribe, 45  
“ Can gull a voter or apply a bribe?  
“ Can promise, threaten, soothe or knuckle down,

" The Bully, Pimp and Hector of the Town ?

" *W-lk-ns* stand forth ; to thee the task is given ;

" Thou dark Apostate to all righteous Heaven : 50

" Declare the happy means yet unassay'd

" ( And may Invention profer thee her aid ! )

" Declare the happy means, by which alone,

" To fix Oppression firm on Freedom's throne ;

" And say to Party's Cause what yet is due, 55

" What has been done, and what is left to do ?"

She said ; and swelling with ungrateful Pride,

*W-lk-ns*, almighty *W-lk-ns* thus repli'd.

" If ev'ry nerve devote to thy defence,

" In spite of Reason, and in spite of Sense, 60

" Each pow'rful nerve, its full exertion shewn,

" To keep Conviction, Worth and Virtue down ;

" If at a breath, in the broad blaze of day,

" T'assert, deny, confirm, say and unsay,

" Still labouring onward with unblushing face, 65

" Cover'd with Infamy and black disgrace ;

" If to perform what e'er the cause requir'd,

" The glorious Cause by all thy Sons admir'd,

T'enlarge

" T'enlarge the borders of Corruption's flood,

" And flounder on undaunted thro' the mud ; 70

" If these, O Goddess! may thy favour feel,

" With approbation crown thy Servant's zeal.

" For thee, all faith, all honour left behind,

" Conscience torn up and rooted from the mind,

" Conscience, great monitor! Reflection's heir! 75

" Which good men cherish and which bad men fear,

" For thee Religion's flow'ry path I fled,

" And basely stab'd the man who gave me bread! ✓

" The man to whom, (O Mem'ry veil the view!)

" Each full exertion of my Soul was due! 80

" Steep'd in Contempt, in Infamy and Shame,

" To Sense and Manhood lost, and damn'd to fame,

" When e'er thy Cause requir'd my helping hand,

" Say Goddess, did thy *W-lk-ns* idle stand?

" Did he regardless of thy just applause, 85

" Retreat in silence and forsake that Cause?

" Did he to Reason's voice one moment lend,

" Confess her power, or own her as a friend?

" Did he his strength exert 'gainst Freedom's foes,

" Or

" Or feel Compassion for her many woes? 90

" No Goddess! no!—not such thy servant's zeal,

" Not such the mean's he offers for thy weal;

" But warm and ardent, anxious to requite,

" Glowing with rage, and eager for the fight,

" A willing priest devoted to thy shrine, 95

" His life, his soul, his heart, his all are thine!

" Proud in thy Service, of thy Interest proud,

" No mean attempt unpractis'd on the Croud;

" No dirty imposition left untried,

" To warp the sense and serve the cause of Pride; 100

" Each (Goddess) here whom now thine eye commands,

" Firm in thy Cause a willing Agent stands;

" Firm in thy Cause for ever shall unite,,

" Proving that Good is bad, and black is white.

" Behold them then, O Goddess, with regard, 105

" And with thy smiles their proffer'd zeal reward;

" Say, as array'd in Reason's matchless guise,

" Deep Penetration beaming from thine Eyes,

" Thou looks't around, say, didst thou ever see

" Objects so vile, so black with Infamy? 110

Objects

" Objects so very base, to Vice so true,

" By Heav'n rejected, and by Virtue too ?

" Nor yet to them the glorious task confin'd

" T'obey the dictates of Corruption's mind ;

" Myriads on Myriads, in auspicious hour, 115

" Prefs to thy alters, and confess thy power ;

" Confess whilst life, whilst mem'ry hold their sway,

" That thou'rt the only Pow'r they will obey.

" For thee lo *I--l--d*, former Arts forgot,

" Those damning arts which prove a lasting blot, 120

" By which corruptly sprung from knavish wit,

" *Sarum's* incautious Alderman was bit ;

" By which, a base and sordid mind to please,

" Mean dirty Fraud a *drawback* got on *Cheese* :

" For thee shall *I--l--d*, with resistless sway, 125

" Promise, lie, curse and swear, preach fast and pray,

" Shall to the winds his soul his honour give,

" And dead to Virtue, to Contempt shall live ;

" Quitting the *Countess*, Conscience and the Church ;

" As *Harford* once left *Thorbran* in the lurch, 130

" Sprung

- " Sprung from the dregs of Manhood, lost to grace,  
 " Guilt in his heart, and Folly in his face,  
 " E'en now to Fancy's Eye, new scenes arise,  
 " How *I--l--d* triumphs, and how Freedom flies;  
 " How, from the weight of his oppressive hand, 135.  
 " Virtue insulted wanders thro' the Land;  
 " How curst Venality his arm upholds,  
 " And black Hypocrisy her arts unfolds.  
 " Here I behold him dres'd in vengeful Ire,  
 " His visage fierce and all his frame on fire, 140  
 " Dragging dejected Infants on the Stage,  
 " As subjects fit for jealous Party rage;  
 " Now all the Fury of his Soul laid down,  
 " Array'd in Grace and Meekness not his own;  
 " Again I see him, to Prophaneness driven 145  
 " A self anointed Envoy sent from Heaven;  
 " At once (possess'd of Virtue's precepts quaint)  
 ✓ " An Angel, Devil, Sinner, Sot and Saint.  
 " For thee shall *Thriftle* range each public street,  
 " And marry every Strumpet he can meet; 150  
 " Each free born Strumpet, cover'd with disease,  
 " Shall find the husband, and shall pay the fees.

- " For thee shall *Rymer* honesty o'er look,  
 " And at *St. Peter's* keep a *private book*;  
 " A private book, where *Paupers* not a few  
 " Hid from the glance of Opposition's view,  
 " Marshall'd by Art, shall, in Contention's day,  
 " Come forth arrang'd in terrible array;  
 " For thee shall *Rymer*, by Oppression plan'd,  
 " Hold o'er the poor Compulsion's Iron hand; 160  
 " Shall, as resolv'd thy glorious Cause to serve,  
 " Threaten, entreat, intimidate and starve.  
 " For thee shall *Naish*, Religion left behind,  
 " Mean dirty Falshood pregnant in his mind;  
 " For thee shall *Naish* from Candour's lessons fly, 165  
 " Trample on Truth and propagate a lie;  
 " Shall, to Contempt expos'd beyond all Rule,  
 " Turn Folly's *Coach-horse*, led by Ridicule.  
 " For thee shall *Hicks*, by venal guilt o'erborne,  
 " Pocket the ready bribe and be forsworn; 170  
 " Conscience alone the honest mind o'erawes,  
 " What, what is *Perj'ry* to to so good a Cause!  
 " For thee shall *C-ve* exert his utmost skill,  
 " And leave to Fate his new-invented still,  
 " Shall from that *fair* contrivance pleas'd retreat, 175

" \*Like *King* and *Lyne* from licking *Arnold's* feet:  
 " Leaving the *mislic pipe* fresh wealth to draw,  
 " To curst Excisemen and rapacious law.  
 " For thee shall *Baton*, in self-importance great,  
 " Led on by Folly in despite of Fate, 180  
 " Warring with puny strength in thy defence,  
 " Against all Reason Truth or Common Sense;  
 " Rouse his dull brains, and in Iambicks preach,  
 " And prove himself as great a dunce as *Beach*.  
 " For thee shall *C--rt*, all anxious for thy pow'r, 185  
 " Leave to her wanton pranks his rampant *w---e*;  
 " Shall from her hot embrace contagious sped,  
 " As erst from Manchester *Joe Hinton* fled;  
 " *Hinton*, who still great *WILLIAM's* vengeance feels,  
 " Running with *Harry Morgan* at his heels. 190  
 " For thee shall *C--rt*, self Interest scap'd his view,  
 " Reject the valued *Lot* held out by *Pugh*:  
 " No more close leagu'd the friendly pence to earn,  
 " Like gentle *Rosencraus* and *Guildenstern*,

" Shall

---

\* Two wretched sycophants the former a *Taylor* and the latter a  
*Linen Draper*, who are making their Court to a blind and credulous  
 old man, in hopes of Sharing his Fortune to the utter preclusion  
 and manifest injury of his poor and numerous Relations.

- " Shall they united for each other's weal, 195  
 " Devide the profits of their *honest* zeal :  
 " But in thy cause neglectful of their own,  
 " Shall blunder on, the pity of the Town.  
 " For thee shall C--rt decorum's bounds o'er leap,  
 " And to his Journeymen submissive creep, 200  
 " His injur'd Journeymen whom late he saw  
 " Gor'd with the pointed Fangs of ruthless law,  
 " Unpitying saw them, and to feeling dead,  
 " Affay'd to heap Destruction on each head.  
 " But now litigious war far off retires ; 205  
 " For ah ! the Cause much other arts requires !  
 " Cloth'd in deceit, lo ! C--rt submissive stands,  
 " And meanly sues for favours at their hands,  
 " Brings his peace-offring, like a prudent Chief,  
 " Mountains of pudding and whole loads of Beef ! 210  
 " For thee shall King, with Death and Vengeance warm,  
 " Defenceless Whigs with lawless weapons storm ;  
 " Shall, coward like, secure in ambush lye,  
 " As spiders lurk t'entrap the giddy fly ;  
 " Shall, coward like, in Meanness' maxims proud ; 215  
 " Hurl his glass bottles on the wondring croud.  
 " For thee shall J--ff----s (*Clare-street* lift, O, lift !

“ Proclaim defiance to his *deary's* fist ;

“ Shall from her gripe the long lost *breeches* tear,

“ And strive *himself* the decent garb to wear ; 220

“ For thee, (to something *like* a man restor'd)

“ Shall break his faith, and falsify his word.

“ Rotten with sin and stinking as he goes,

“ For thee shall *Safford* Wisdoms voice oppose ;

“ For thee to Vice shall new-coin'd worth impart, 225

“ In all his native turpitude of heart.

“ For thee shall *Smith* that most ungracious Imp,

“ *S--de B---r's* God son, Shopman, Clerk and Pimp,

“ Mistake, Misstate, Misrepresent, Confound,

“ Invent the ready lie, and spread it round, 230

“ Industrious spread it, and conclude the scene,

“ Frail as his Mother, as his Master mean.

“ For thee shall *Gomond* at the Cost of Mirth,

“ The veriest Muckworm crawling on the Earth,

“ In fierce Contention's field his strength assert, 235

“ And boldly wade undaunted thro' the dirt ;

“ Shall rant and rave his hour unheard, and then,

“ Return to Insignificance again.

“ For thee shall mighty *Keen*, from *Ashton* stray'd,

“ His Farm forsaken, and his *lythes* unpaid, 240

“ The

- " The Parson left behind, to wail his lot,  
 " Useless his *Cudgel* and his *threats* forgot ;  
 " For thee shall *Keene*, with adulation proud,  
 " Find some *new* meannesses to amaze the Croud ;  
 " Shall o'er fair Honour's bounds advent'rous leap, 245  
 " To add one farthing to the dirty heap ;  
 " Leaving despis'd his Vertue's full amount,  
 " To rot in peace, with *Orlidge's* accompt.  
 " For thee Old *Eagles*, anxious for thy fame,  
 " Wading still deeper in the Sea of Shame, 250  
 " Shall lie and promise, shuffle, cut and run,  
 " Unmatch'd by all the world, *except his son* :  
 " For thee shall *Eagles* to revenge apply,  
 " Black Persecution low'ring in his Eye ;  
 " Like *I-l---d* shall attempt 'gainst Candour's Rule, 255  
 " To turn each harmless Infant out of School,  
 " Each harmless Child, whose Sire, detesting self,  
 " Voting from Conscience, dares consult HIMSELF.  
 " For thee, dependant, pitied and despis'd,  
 " Shall *Powell* rave, to meanness naturaliz'd, 260  
 " Snug in his place, shall to Detraction fly,  
 " Like *Lowe* shall censure, and like *F-d-e* lie.  
 " Thus Goddess, thus, united in thy Cause,

" All Ranks, all Orders shall confer applause,

" From East to West thy praises shall be sung, 265

" And acclamation dwell on ev'ry tongue ;

" From *Skymie* who measures Merit by the purse,

" To Clyster-making Priest—the widow's Curse :

" From swaddling Day, that most accomplish'd fool

" To *Fanny Vigor*, mounted on her stool. 270

" What then remains, but we our friends convene,

" To aid our Efforts, and assist our Spleen ?

" What then remains, but at this very hour,

" We shew the world that Folly still has pow'r ?

" That Folly still, spight of her recent rout, 275

" Can raise her thousands and turn Wisdom out ;

" Can still of bad materials form appeals,

" As *W-l-k* half of putty makes his wheels ?

" Attend then Goddess, and by prudence plan'd,

" Disperse thy treasures with a lavish hand : 280

" For ah ! thou need'st not at those Years be told

" That nought on earth's infallible but gold.

" Bless'd with those treasures, on our aid rely,

" Nor fear DETECTION's sharp and piercing eye.

" By power upheld, will we with blushless face, 285

" Securely

" Securely laugh at Virtue, and at Grace,

" Bravely encounter with those squeamish Foes,

" And tell them news shall torture their repose,

" So erst *Cassin*, high from his casement spoke,

" And told his Creditors—*that he was broke !* 290

He ceas'd—and loud on every side around,

Repeated plaudits shook the hollow ground :

Pleas'd with Conceit the Goddesses inly smil'd,

Whilst instant Rapture every Care beguil'd.

Enough, Enough, she cried, for know my Son, 295

The day's our own; the promis'd Reign's begun!

Henceforward Fear, thy precepts I despise,

" 'Tis Resolution only makes us wise" —

Then from her throne descends devoid of doubt,

And thro' the dreary Cave pursued her Rout. 300

END of the SECOND CANTO.

## C O R R U P T I O N.

## C A N T O T H I R D.

## The A R G U M E N T.

*Being arrived at the TAYLOR'S HALL, the  
Goddeſs takes her ſeat. She is attend by her Agents and  
Supporters. Their names Characters and Qualifications  
reſpectively delineated and deſcribed.*

**A**ND now the Goddeſs, pregnant with delight,  
As new born Hope brought future ſcenes to fight,  
Reach'd that fair Fabrick rear'd from Art's deſign,  
Where Shop-boys dance and hungry Taylors dine;  
Where, as unread in Wiſdom's golden rule,  
*Stephens ran mad and Howell play'd the fool.*

Swift from each Corner of the Buſy Town,  
The giddy mob with ſenſeleſs zeal came down;  
To Party's rotten Cauſe by Intereſt tied,  
Led on by Paſſion Prejudice and Pride,

Eager



Eager they hasted and as Haste allow'd,

Respectfull to the Goddes humbly bow'd.

Guided by Avarice, and fraught with wiles,  
First of the Tory tribe came mighty M---s.

No Science owns he, by no Genius bless'd, 15

No Sibyle taught him, nor no Sylph carest'd,

No Honour guides him, no affection rules,

No God he worships, but the God of Fools,

A Demagogue, unskill'd in classic lore,

An upstart Tyrant to the friendless Poor; 20

A Politician without wit's pretence,

A Magistrate without a grain of Sense,

A Connoisseur,—Taste far escap'd his reach,

An Orator without the gift of Speech,

A low mean Wretch, compos'd of Spleen and Rage, 25

The jest, the scorn and wonder of the Age.

Following, with Fame's unblushing Honours crown'd,

For Ignorance and Impudence renown'd,

Joe H--k--ll came, a wight unknown to worth,

Begot by Folly and brought forth by Mirth; 30

Pert as Conceit e'er form'd oerweening Pride,

Dull as Despair to Drunkenness allied,

As vain as *Foster*, blasphemous as *Lean*,

As knavish full, and almost half as mean.

Who knows not *Joe*, from Law's restraint set free? 35

Ask *Pitt*, ask *Bentinck*, and ask *Honestly*:

Ask *Tucker* with fair *R---*'s favours gorg'd,

What frauds were form'd and what receipts were forg'd:

What Impositions were awhile endur'd;

What Sums were pocketted, and what *insur'd*?— 40

Who knows not *Joe*, the Monarch of his hour;

The sneering Partisan of lawless power?

Who knows not *Joe* the Tool of Party Strife?

"I do," sighs *Evans*—"and so does my Wife!"

Next, mounted on old *Wil---gh-y's* blind Mule, 45

Something compounded betwixt Knave and Fool,

Another *H--kf--ll* came his aid to lend,

A dang'rous neighbour, and a faithless Friend:

Oppressive, proud, and jealous of controul,

Without a grain of Pity in his Soul: 50

A very Tyrant where he can command,

The bolt of Vengeance flaming in his hand,

A partial minion, to Oppression tied,

The scourge of Poverty and curse of Pride.

Behold yon widow'd wretch with Tears o'erspread, 55

Her infant Offspring crying out for bread:

Unable to relieve, she hears their cries,

Weeps o'er their wants, and listens to their sighs!

Would'st thou be taught why thus in grief she stands,

Tears her dishevel'd Locks and wrings her hands? 60

Would'st thou be taught why thus by Sorrow drest

Distraction reigns triumphant in her breast?

Know, to support her num'rous helpless brood,

Provide them coarse attire and coarser food,

A little fruit the aged Matron fold, 65

To pay her Rent and screen them from the cold.

Here Luxury, as he his mite bestow'd,

Thrust Charity on t'other side the road;

His pamper'd taste with dainties taught to please,

Nor gave to Want, nor offer'd to Disease. 70

But now no more her fruit the mourner cries,

Lost are her hopes and ev'ry Comfort flies!

For as (no Error meant, no Ill design'd)

Her Basket on the *Foot-way* she reclin'd;

*H-kf--ll* came by, with savage Rage replete, 75

*Hawkeswell*

And spurn'd the mellow harvest to the Street ;  
 Destroy'd the source from which her babes were fed,  
 And snatch'd from Innocence its daily bread !

O ! be he damn'd, and whilst Despair stands by,  
 Be ages dying, and yet never die !

70

The mean unfeeling wretch, who worse than Cain,  
 Took from Distress, and gave a Mother pain !

Next \**Edw--ds* came, with dull sententious face,  
 Of doubtfull morals and affected grace ;

So warm an Advocate on Slav'ry's part,

85

That e'en Conviction could not reach his heart,

So Rank a Bigot to the cause of Pride,

That humble Worth flew, fright'ned from his side ;

So weak, that should his Maker quit his throne,

To tread the powers of Sin and Satan down,

90

He to the Devil would swear Allegiance true,

Provided that the Devil wore *true-blue* ;

Would for Recruits in Satan's service beat,

And thrust his Saviour friendless in the street.

Lab'ring

---

\* During the late contest, this Gentleman with all that *Christian Charity* which so universally marks his Character, publicly declared, that whenever he heard any woman speak in favour of *Mr. C---r*, he from that moment set her down either as a *w---t* or a *B--d*.

Lab'ring to pluck fair Reason from her throne, 95  
 That Reason to his dirty soul unknown,  
 That Reason which his vicious mind despis'd,  
 Where in its stead reign'd Folly richly priz'd ;  
 Next *J-n-s* appear'd, in Party's vengeance dress'd,  
 A bustling boistrous Knave and Tool profess'd ; 100  
 A subtle Casuist of Distinctions nice,  
 The busy Agent of all pow'ful Vice ;  
 So skill'd that he with Folly fraught, and Guile,  
 Could Contradictions aptly reconcile ;  
 Could stamp that man as loyal just and wise, 105  
 Who rob'd the King the *Customs* and *Excise*.  
 Could prove that *non-resistance* is the Creed  
 Which poor *America* is doom'd to read :  
 That he who dares to think, dares act amiss,  
 That slav'ry is the very height of bliss, 110  
 That Patriotism's all a wicked scheme,  
 Freedom a Farce and Liberty a Dream !

E'en from his Youth by Fraud and Vice possess'd,  
 No spark of Virtue glowing in his breast,  
 Impel'd by Passion's most imperious gust, 115  
 The monstrous Stallion of insatiate lust,  
 The shameless Advocate of sensual ease,

Whom

Whom ev'ry dirty, filthy Sty could please ;

From Bawd to Bawd with eager steps he ran,

His Errand Lust, Œconomy his plan ; 120

✓ From *King's-down hill* to *Fisher lane* he sped,

Where Modesty, her face with blushes spread,

Beheld him trembling, flinking at the Door,

Anxious alone to get the *cheapest W---e* ;

Anxious, whilst Reputation fled away, 125

To spend his SIX-PENCE in a *prudent* way.

Next came *George D—b—y* dull and full of prate,

The pert disciple of o'ergrown Conceit ;

A supercilious bellower in the Cause,

Fond of himself and jealous of applause, 130

Railing at *Powell* all the way he came,

Who mock'd his hopes and rob'd him of his claim,

*Powell*, who, (such the object of his view)

Stole the *Collectorship*, and keeps it too ;

Leaving his Friend as Passion may accord, 135

To curse himself, Ambition and MY LORD !

But heed not *George*, for thy auspicious Fate,

Shall yet conduct thee to the shrine of State :

Think not thy services at WELLS unfrung,

When

When fluent Nonsense dwelt upon thy tongue ; 146

When (*Coxe* the subject) thou call'd'st forth to use

Poor mean illiberal, personal abuse ;

*Coxe*, who, from foul Dishonour's touch exempt,

Laugh'd at thy little malice with contempt :

Think not those Services shall go unpaid, 145

Or that for *nought* Corruption asks thy aid—

No!—In the womb of Time e'en now I see,

Another wise *Collector*, George, in *THEE*.

See thee come forth dependant and disguis'd,

As *Powell* pitied, and as *Weeks* despis'd. 150

Him *Durbin* follow'd—Zounds! what have I done?

*Durbin* forsooth! I should have said *SIR JOHN*!

*SIR JOHN* (Heav'n bless us!) who with partial heat,

To criminate poor *Caton*, left his seat ;

Running in wild amazement up and down, 155

The scorn contempt and pity of the Town ;

Running to find accusers, who at hand,

Might justify what Giant Power had plan'd,

Might vindicate those steps, contriv'd by Hate,

When Freedom justly trembles for her fate ; 160

Wretches who would, like *R—s*, hir'd for pay,

Swear

Swear the salvation of mankind away.

Next came *Jack C-mpl-n*, proof'gainst awkward Shame,  
 From a true Tory race the Drivler came ;  
 With a true Tory phiz completely blest'd, 165  
 By Folly fashion'd and by Party dress'd :  
 Prone to each Ill which, Virtue left behind,  
 Vice can ingraft upon the human mind ;  
 Prone to those Passions which with lawless sway,  
 Proclaim that Sence and Reason are away ; 170  
 Lo *C-mpl-n* labours, with unwearied zeal,  
 To save the cause of Folly's common-weal ;  
 To shew, of all her Sons, that he alone,  
 Deserves to reign the partner of her throne.

To prove himself in Wisdom's face a Fool, 175  
 T'oppose 'gainst Sense the Arms of Ridicule,  
 Or mir'd in *Wit's* impenetrable bog,  
 To burn an Effigy, or beat a Dog ;  
 To blunder on, whilst Laughter loud derides  
 And do a thousand pritty pranks besides ; 180  
*C-mpl-n* stands first, to him each Voice we raise,  
 Though *Toye* and *Stud-y* justly merit praise ;

Though

Though bawdy speaking *R--ff-r* vainly strives ;

Though *Usher* lives and *Helicar* survives.

Next *T--bs* appear'd, in Spite's black garb array'd 185

And on his face, by Natures hand pourtray'd,

Sat Malice deep impress'd, and hatred keen,

Fell Pride, and deadly rage, and fullen Spleen ;

Squinting at Merit with malignant Eye ;

Envious, and wedded to dark Infamy.

190

No generous thought his coward heart possess'd ;

No great Idea e'er inspir'd his breast ;

No charitable zeal his bosom knows,

To succour Want and heal Afflictions woes ;

No warm Benevolence did there intrude,

195

To thaw the Ice of Cold Ingratitude :

But lost to Feeling, every Virtue fled,

By Shame forsaken, and to honour dead ;

He labours on, wrapt up in self-applause,

The lame Defender of a lamer Cause.

200

Close to his heels, drove on by eager haste,

With black Rebellion's mark conspicuous grac'd,

*Joe H--ton* follow'd, whom, with just disdain,

Virtue beheld, and turn'd aside in pain :  
 Insulted Loyalty survey'd his face, 205  
 And with Abhorrence, trembling left the place,  
 Whilst mild Affection, daughter of the Skies,  
 Swift flew away, with anger in her eyes ;  
 Leaving Remembrance, yet to Truth alive,  
 To bring to *H--ton's* fancy—FORTY-FIVE. 210

Pain'd at the Prospect, *H--ton* wrapt in Grief,  
 Look'd wildly round, from thought to get relief ;  
 Down his pale cheek the tears unrighteous press'd,  
 And guilty Passion shook his coward breast.

“ O fatal year !” he cried “ in Error lost, 215  
 “ When RIGHT prevail'd, and *Jacobites* were cross ;  
 “ When from my dear Connections forc'd to fly,  
 “ And leave my *Charley* to his Destiny,  
 “ From the cold North with painful steps I pass'd,  
 “ And at each Wind that whistled stood aghast ! 220  
 “ Unhappy *Charley*, whom, sworn to protect,  
 “ I then respected, and must still respect ;  
 “ Must evermore regard to Life's last day,  
 “ Whilst Sense remains, and Mem'ry holds it's sway.”

Next *W-ll-y* came, by furious Ardour fir'd, 225  
 By Folly led, by Impudence inspir'd ;  
 A Dunce unmatch'd, an As in masquerade,  
 A mere advent'rer in the Realms of Trade ;  
 A dun profess'd, a wit without a Skull,  
 Busy and vain, impertinent and dull, 230  
 Impell'd by Ignorance, and dead to Shame,  
 To shew his zeal for Party all his aim ;  
 Like *C-ll-n*, he could set a Town in flames,  
 Could cheat like \* *T-lly*, and could lye like *J-mcs* ;  
 And steel'd as *Fry*, should *Kyrwood's* Ghost approach, 235  
 Could kill by blowing up a Rock like *Roach*.

Following came *Hayes*, a compound strange of Pride,  
 An inconsistent Chief on Party's side ;  
 A rash litigious execrable sot,  
 By Passion guided and by zeal begot ; 240  
 Who, for some venal mercenary end,  
 Betray'd the son of his departed friend ;

F 2

Boldly

\* Owing to a thorough acquaintance with the Laws of Gravitation and the power of Fluids, *Mr. T--y*, to the astonishment of *Mr. W-----s*, his Successor in trade, discovered, that *wet Tobacco* weighed more than dry. How he came to be detected in his Nastiness is best known to himself.

Boldly flood forth, uncheck'd by fear or Shame,  
 Nor heeding Censure, nor regarding Fame,  
 Stood forth, array'd in Rage, or *something worse*, 245  
 The Sire's Executor, his offspring's Curse.

Next *J---s* appear'd Hell's most industrious Imp,  
 A Squire, a Beggar, Pawnbroker and Pimp ;  
 A wretch, who to accomodate his *w---es*,  
 At midnight turn'd his Father out of Doors ;\* 250  
 His aged Father, who with palsied head,  
 In vain implor'd him for a little bread.  
 A poor vile upstart, with Conceit o'ergrown,  
 And not a Penny he can call his own ;  
 A base unnatural monster, full of heat, 255  
 Who thrust his wretched Daughter in the street,  
 His wretched Daughter, who (his wrath to please)  
 A pray to Prostitution and Disease,  
 Friendless had wander'd, friendless too had died,  
 Had not kind Providence appear'd her guide ; 260  
 Had not strict Virtue rais'd some magic Charm,  
 And Innocence protect'd her from Harm.

Yet

\* Not however untill after he had prevailed upon that Father  
 to make over to him the whole he possessed.

Yet (as a proof how Meanness ranks with Pride)  
 Tho' *Mates's* Judgment stood unsatisfied,  
 Still more to tempt bold Observation's stare, 265  
*J---s* triumphs in his *Phæton and pair*;  
 Marries a Strumpet, to Reproach set free,  
 And turns his *Stable* to a *Nursery*.

Next came a willing Agent in the Cause,  
 Arm'd with his *forceps, lancets, knives and saws*; 270  
 Unmeaning *Norman*, who induc'd by Gain,  
 To draw fair Freedom's blood from ev'ry vein,  
 Unwearied strove; and whilst the sufferer bled,  
 Knock'd the poor *Constitution* in the head:  
 Then like some Empirick half taught his trade, 275  
 Blisters appli'd and deep Incisions made;  
 For Lint and Cataplasms rack'd his brain,  
 And pow'rfull fermentations us'd in vain.  
 Ah *Jem!* ah *Jem!* what does thy art avail?  
 Thy skill is lost and all thy Efforts fail. 280  
 Ah *Jem!* ah *Jem!* the foul attempt thou'lt rue.  
 Alas! thy *Quackery* will never do!

Curs'd with a foolish, fiddling, foppish face,  
 A laughing Compound of affected grace;

In self-opinion's warmest dress array'd, 285

A mere pretender to Apollo's trade ;

Without or wit, or sense enough to know,

Whether to run, or walk ; to stay, or go ;

Next *Wasb'rough* came, by gentle Dulness led,

*Minums* and *Bars* and *Crotchets* in his head, 290

Born for Contempt, 'gainst Truth he shuts his eyes,

And simp'ring thinks himself extremely wise ;

Simp'ring with pert Conceit, mistook for fire,

The unlick'd semblance of his unlick'd Sire,

He blunders on, whilst Sense cries with a stare, 295

If there's a *Hog* in BRISTOL, view him there !

Form'd by Confusion, by Disorder led,

Gall in each heart and Mischief in each head :

Next came a Crowd, forejudg'd the Courts of Sense,

In all the pride of Insignificance. 300

First *Willis*, he, whom dire Detraction rules,

With *monster-gitting* MAXSEY, prince of Fools :

*Willis*, a busy body, dead to Shame,

Dandling his bastard baby as he came ;

Leaving his Wife th' illicit Act to rue, 305

Rob'd of her right and cheated of her due.

Next

Next *Mullins*, by disease and pride o'er run,  
 Join'd by that vain *scorbutic* wretch, *his Son*.  
 Following *Till Adam* came, who, strange to tell!  
 To calm his Conscience made a league with Hell, 310  
 Forsook his *Friends*, and urg'd by Ridicule,  
 Turn'd *Papist*, who before was—but a fool.  
 Not so *Will Bush*, who next approach'd with Pain,  
 Drove by Self-Interest and the hopes of gain;  
 Determin'd *Will Till Adam* to o'er-top, 315  
 He turn'd no *Papist*, but he turn'd—a *Fop*.  
 Him *Pearce* succeeded, and by Cunning plan'd,  
 A *Baker's tally* grac'd his dextrous hand;  
 The well-cut *Notches*, multipli'd at Will,  
 Proclaim'd his genius, and confirm'd his skill. 320  
 Next came, to Folly more allied than Fame,  
 Two Brother *Fops* and *Hawkins* was their name:  
 The one with noise and affectation loud,  
 The other busy, foolish, vain and proud;  
 Like his own *Deeds*, the one was wond'rous dull; 325  
 Like his own *Serge*, the other's brains—all *Wool*;  
 Pedantic, vain, assuming, fond of prate,  
 Devour'd by spleen, and govern'd by Conceit,  
 Next, strong impell'd by black *ungrateful* pride,

His petty-fogging Brother by his side, 330

Came Commissary *J---s*, wheel'd *North about*,

His once much valued *Coat*, turn'd *inside out*;

Cheering his stupid Brother as he came,

*Abridg'd* his *Fees* and vanish'd all his *Fame*.

Next *Edolls* came with Bitterness replete, 335

Poor Charity expiring at his Feet;

His Back, long bent with Sin, a *Label* grac'd,

By *Somerton* and Truth conspicuous plac'd,

Where in bold Characters appear'd this sketch,

—" *A mean, litigious, mercenary wretch.*"— 340

✓ Next came *Will Vaughan* in Ignorance far gone,

Half famish'd *Ford*; and *Abram Wigginton*;

*Joe Sheppard*, scarcely lick'd to human shape;

✓ Death hunting *Daubeny*, with his *double cape*;

*Cliffold*, again to Danger's arm let loose; 345

*Trotman* the Taylor, mounted on his *goose*;

*Pater*, in all his callous Pride array'd;

*Tom Pen*, escap'd from *Cuckoldom* and *Slade*;

✓ *Colston*, with Ruin arm'd, and full of Spite;

*Sheircliff*

\* *Sheircliff*, bewilder'd with his *paper kite*;

350

*Dunstan*, in *Lion's skin*, the very 'st *As*;

*White*, newly *shriven* and just return'd from *Mafs*;

*Garfed*, with dull vacuity of *Face*;

*Norton* the *Dyer*, and his *snuffling* race;

*Watts*, led by *Vanity*, with brainless head,

355

Extra<sup>cting</sup> *Silver* from his kindred lead;

*Randolph*, with *Pullin*, *Cannington* with *Gall*,

A brace and half of *Eyes* amongst them all;

Three *POLEPHEMUS's* by *Vengeance* plan'd,

Sent to devour the poor-ones of the land;

360

Hopping *Jack Bailey*, tir'd of laws alarms;

And *Wiggan*, squinting at his *Coat of Arms*;

Then last, but ah! not least deserving song,

\* *Gee*, with *Ben Loveday*, clos'd the sapient throng.

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\* To the inexpressible amazement of his *Philosophical* friends, this Gentleman a few Years ago, privately handed about proposals for measuring the depth of the *atmosphere* by a succession of *Paper Kites*, and actually collected a sum of money to begin the experiment, promising to favour the world with the particulars of his *discoveries*. As the promised publication has not yet made its appearance, and as the Money collected has not yet been returned, this circumstance is presumed to have escaped his *memory*.

END of the THIRD CANTO.

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# C O R R U P T I O N.

## C A N T O   F O U R T H.

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### The   A R G U M E N T.

*The Leaders being all assembled, the Goddess in Council demands of them the properest Person to be elected. Elocution Jones in a very laboured speech proposes Mr. B---k--le who enters the Hall attended by Sir Henry L--pp--c--tt, --Mr. B---k--le addresses the Goddess in favour of himself and Friend.—She approves of the offer and the Election begins. By the assistance of Bribery and undue Influence, FOLLY having gained a considerable majority, FREEDOM declines the Poll.—B---k--le and L--pp--c--tt as representatives of Folly, ascend their chairs. The order of the procession. Ashamed of their members, the friends of the fortunate Candidates sneak home and leave them unattended. Exasperated at their apostacy, B---k--le is preparing to express his resentment, when a sad disaster unexpectedly prevents his oratory and concludes the Poem.*

**B**UT other Cares the Goddess now perplex,  
New doubts divide and Apprehensions vex ;

Impetuous

Impetuous Passions Reason's powers controul,  
And wild Disorder revel'd in her Soul.

- “ And who,” she cried, “ my sons belov'd, ah who 5  
 “ Shall Party choose, her dirty work to do ?  
 “ Who 'mongst Ye, for Corruption truly bold,  
 “ Would sell his Country and his God for Gold ?  
 “ Would, blind to Virtue, only wish to live,  
 “ To aid the Cause of dull Prerogative ? 10  
 “ Would, strongly mark'd by ev'ry earthly Curse,  
 “ Hazard Damnation, to increase his purse ?  
 “ Who, who my sons, in Int'rest's precepts wise,  
 “ Would 'gainst the light of Reason shut his eyes,  
 “ Would at his Country's Ruin loud rejoice, 15  
 “ Devote his hand and prostitute his voice ?  
 “ Say then, O say—If such a man there be,  
 “ One who superior ranks in Infamy ;  
 “ One who above his peers distinguish'd stands,  
 “ And as oppression enters claps his hands ; 20  
 “ If such exists by stubborn Vice caref'd,  
 “ Name him my sons and make Corruption bless'd.”

Slowly up-rising from his humble seat,  
 In all the conscious pride of dull Couceit,  
 A lank, ungainly, awkward figure rose, 25  
 Shallow his head appear'd and long his nose.  
 Three times aloft he wav'd his hands in air,  
 And claim'd attention from his crazy chair ;  
 Three times he silence call'd with accent loud,  
 And thus, in pedant phrase, address'd the croud. 30

“ Congruous, brethren, surely 'tis and meet,  
 “ That we evaporate with Council sweet,  
 “ The dubious gloom that now potential copes,  
 “ Adverse and extraneous to our hopes,  
 “ Sure as my Voice matur'd for Pride's defence, 35  
 “ Edulcorates and harmonizes sense ;  
 “ Sure as this Roof reverberates my tones ;  
 “ Sure as my name is *Elocution* *F---s* !  
 “ Sure as my rod e'er flagellated brats ;  
 “ Sure as my Wife conceives a letch for cats ; 40  
 “ Sure as this dexter hand by Practice taught,  
 “ Obtemperates and consorts with my thought ;  
 “ So sure with Reason's strong didactic force,  
 “ This dark obnubilation I'll disperse,

“ Born

- " Born to decide, for active Council born, 45  
 " Nor by Despience introduc'd to Scorn;  
 " Parturient Passion sagely left behind,  
 " Lost in the Exundations of the mind;  
 " Attend my lore, nor obstinately miss,  
 " A prelibation of approaching bliss. 50  
 " Congenial to our wishes, wrapt in Night,  
 " With obumbrative dullness darkly dight,  
 " Comes one, so strong in Folly's mintage cast,  
 " That, with horripilation struck aghast,  
 " Wisdom retreating trepid and half-dead, 55  
 " Sinks in the arms of Fear and hides her head.  
 " Whilst bless'd with voice terriloquous and loud,  
 " Nonsense, his usher, brings him thro' the Croud.  
 " Regard him then and with observance trace,  
 " Each matchless feature of his matchless face; 60  
 " Then say, 'gainst Spleen where soft emollients fail,  
 " And strong Catacathartics can't prevail;  
 " Is not that face by Folly so o'er-run,  
 " A radical Diacatholicon?  
 " Is not that face, so Index'd by conceit, 65  
 " The dull Mirabily pen'd by Fate?"

And

And now approaching on with many a bow,

The seal of *Circumcision* on his brow,

*Bristol Black*

\* *B---k--le* appear'd, long fam'd for forded arts,

Negative worth and Nothingness of parts, 70

A raw unletter'd white, set up for shew,

Whom Science never knew, nor wish'd to know ;

A dull machine by pla'stic art design'd,

A puppet, made to speak his master's mind,

A mere mere puppet, form'd of wood and wire, 75

To

\* *Mr. B---k--le* having agreed to purchase of *Col. B--pf--lde*, the reversion of an Estate which had been in possession of the family of *Mr. Isaac S-v-ge*, as Tenants of the Colonel and his ancestors for upwards of 200 Years ; *Mr. S-v-ge* ignorant of the above agreement, on the expiration of the lease applied to *Col. B--pf--lde* either to renew the lease, or sell him the Estate. The *Col.* refer'd him to *Mr. B---k--le*, upon which *Mr. S-v-ge* replied that he would have nothing to do with that *Bristol Black*,---These words the *Col.* the same day repeated to *Mr. B---k--le*, and thereby produced the following Correspondence.

" *Mr J. S-v-ge*,

" Sir, Finding from *Col. B--pf--lde*, that in a Conversation  
" with him this morning you made use of the words *Bristol Black*,  
" alluding to me : Your explanation of those words will regulate  
" the Conduct of,

*M. B---k--le.*"

To this address the following answer was returned

" *Mr. M. B---k--le*,

" Sir, Presuming when you *shave* that you look in the *Glass*,  
" you cannot possibly be at a loss for an *Explanation* of the words  
" *Bristol Black*,

*J. S-v-ge.*"

To come or go, advance or to retire ;  
To vote, divide, exprefs his Aye or No,  
And do as many other Puppets.  
Still firmly tied to minifterial Rule,  
Of Knaves the ninny, and of Tools the tool. 80

Fast to his fide, by warm Affection led,  
Immortal Folly pregnant o'er his head,  
Came *L-pp--c-ll*, with blank unmeaning face,  
From Insignificance he boasts his race ;  
To Insignificance allied alone, 85  
Mute as a Fish and fenfelefs as a Stone,  
He reach'd the fpot where fat the Goddefs fair,  
Whilst fhouts reiterated rent the air !

Wrapt into tranfport *B---k--le* ftretch'd his eyes,  
Stood Cock-a-hoop and look'd profoundly wife : 90  
Then as new rapture kindled in his breaft,  
He thus the wond'ring Deity addrefs'd.

“ O lov'd by Millions ! mighty Goddefs hear !  
“ And fmile propitious on thy votaries pray'r.  
“ No trifling fuit thy *B---k--le* now implores ; 95

No

" No petty cause invites me to these doors ;

" No dark ambiguous motive is my guide,

" Sprung from the source of Patriotic Pride ;

" No wish to heal my bleeding Country's woes

" Thank Heav'n, such *trifles* break not my repose ! 100

" Dead let her lye in foul Oppression's tomb,

" Whilst rous'd alone at Party's voice I come

" At Party's call, my hand, my voice I raise,

" And warm'd by Adulation offer praise.

✕ " Goddess behold !—my *L-pp--c-tt* behold ! 105

" A Jewell he, cast in no common mould ;

" *Blockheads*, in every clime start up to view,

" BATH has its *Phillips* and its *Fowell* too !

" But still to Err, in Error unsurpass'd ;

" Still adding some new Folly to the last, 110

" Still, still to blunder on with brainless skull,

✓ " Be sagely sad and venerably dull,

" Never *by Chance* to stumble into wit,

" Nor be (tho' 'gainst his will) with Reason smit,

" Those Gifts O Goddess, those endowments new, 115

" To *L-pp--c-tt* alone are justly due !

" Most other Fools to wit make some pretence,

" E'en

" E'en *Harding* sometimes *deviates* into Sense !

" But *L-pp--c-ll*, unus'd to childish fears,

" Still wrapt in Obstinacy perseveres ! 120

" Once and but once, O Goddess, ever young,

" I vainly strove with wit to dress my tongue ;

" To wield the dang'rous weapon I assay'd,

" But still retreated and was still afraid :

" With awkward skill the subtle darts I drew, 125

" Which cut my busy fingers as they flew ;

" Till prudence rous'd, and almost rest of speech,

" Convey'd the fatal Quiver from my reach ;

" With sage reproof my rashness did condemn,

" Whisp'ring—" *Ne futor ultra crepidam*" 130

" Not so will *L-pp--c-ll*, for Fame unfit,

" Devote to Dulness and unus'd to wit ;

" Not so will he, by Rashness over-run,

" Attempt that path which Folly bids him shun,

" But aiming still and that his aim alone, 135

" To fix Corruption firmly on her throne ;

" To find for Vice some sacred safe retreat,

" And pluck fair Freedom headlong from her seat,

" Staunch in the cause of black Venality,

" \* Just as your *B---k--le* says, e'en so say's he. 140

" Deign then O Goddess, whom we all espouse,

" T' accept the tender of our ardent vows;

" Our hands, our hearts, our minds are rais'd to thee,

" Thou our protectress, our divinity!

" No aid that we can give thee shalt thou lack, 345

" For ah no art's so dirty, deed so black,

" But in thy service Goddess we'll perform,

" Tho' swift Destruction should the world transform,

" Tho' sudden Ruin should wide-wasting spread,

" And Death all horrid rear his ruthless head." 150

He ceas'd—and once again loud plaudits ring,  
Born on the down of Folly's lightest wing.

He

---

\* At the Time *Mr. C---r*, in a short but Polite note to the Sheriffs declined the Poll, insinuating that the majority obtained over him had been procured by the means of *Bribery and undue Influence*; *Mr. B---k--le* rose up and with some warmth denied the *whole* of the Charge. *Sir Henry L---p---c---tt*, followed him in these very memorable words.

" Gentlemen,

" Why as to *undue Influence*, I have nothing at all to say to *that* :

" But as to *that* there charge of *Bribery and Corruption and nonsense---*

" ---why---just as *Mr. B---k--le* says, even so says I."

He ceas'd—and once again the Goddess smil'd,  
 And once again sweet hope her cares beguil'd;  
 T'wards *L-pp--c-tt* her eyes instinctive turn'd, 255  
 And mad'ning Envy all around her burn'd;  
 Whilst Candour griev'd, with deep concern look'd on  
 And swore *Jack Ceeley* was a *Solomon*!

And now each Effort was with zeal applied,  
 Each art was practis'd, and each measure tried; 160  
 Each poor mean Art, which Party basely draws,  
 To shew her power and aid Corruption's cause;  
 To which her full success she owe's alone,  
 Rear'd tho' she is on self opinion's throne.

Swift from the *Customs* martial'd forth by Power, 165  
 Like Northern Locusts ready to devour,  
 Came swarms of Slaves, for Freedom's bane design'd,  
 ✓ Wretches like *Mease*, who dare not speak their mind:  
 Wretches, whom God and Nature both despise,  
 Join'd by their brother wretches of th' *Excise*. 170  
 These, form'd in tallies, far and wide were spread,  
*Powell* and lying *Fidoe* at their head;  
 Each in his turn his ragged regiment plies,

The first with promises, the last with lyes.

Brib'ry, from Hell or *Downing-street* escap'd, 175

For Death contriv'd and for Destruction shap'd;

Led on by Circumspection, flily told,

Exhaustless heaps of baneful treasury Gold,

These in rich piles the black magician laid,

Compactly form'd and exquisitely made, 180

Where (as contriv'd to strike the busy eye)

The venal Voter pass'd projecting by;

Where as he gaz'd his forded mind gave way,

And all his Patriotism fled away. [185

'Gainst Powers like these could injur'd Virtue stand?

Could Truth be heard, or Worth hold up his hand?

Could Honour and Integrity avail?

Could Sense succeed or Merit fill the scale?

Sooner poor man shall *Whitchurch* cease to be;

Or old *Iscarriot's* Spirit leave *Joe Fry*; 190

Sooner shall *Lucas* proud and full of spite,

Regret the wrongs he meant insulted *Knight*;

Sooner his *son*, skill'd in each apish trick,

Shall yield the palm for *leaping o'er a stick*;

And

And sooner *Eagles*, with unblushing cheek, 195

\* Give up his filthy claim of—*twice a week!*

Than Virtue with success expect t'oppose,

The base designs of such inveterate foes.

Day after day Diffension urg'd its course,

And Civil Discord rag'd with boundless force; 200

Freedom and Folly, combatants of Old,

The first with Merit arm'd, the last with gold,

Enter'd the lists, and each appeal'd his hour,

The one to Reason and the one to Power:

Enter'd the lists to try in Fortune's scale, 205

If Virtue's friends or Vice's might prevail.

Long with unbating zeal the contest rag'd;

Long were the Chiefs in hostile fight engag'd;

Till whelm'd by Numbers, and by force out done,

(For Folly still can count her *two to one*) 210

Till

---

\* Mr. E---- having by his Interest got the son of a poor widow into a certain Charity School, a few days afterwards paid her a Visit, and accosted her in the following manner. "Well Mistress! "now I have served you in *my* way, it is but right that you should "oblige me in *your* way. One good turn deserves another you "know: therefore harkee! harkee! \* \* \* \* \*

"---And I shall be sure in future to call upon you *twice a week*."

Till whelm'd by Numbers, Freedom vanquish'd lay,  
And Folly reign'd sole sov'reign of the day.

And now what shouts disturb'd the ambient air,  
As Party loud exclaim'd—" *The Chair ! the Chair !*"

What Exultation on each face was seen ; 215

What shouts of triumph, and what marks of spleen.

Marshal'd by Morpheus, to *Jem Jones* transform'd,  
The dull procession was in Order form'd ;

Fools leagu'd with Fools—and to increase the band,  
Blackguards shook brother blackguards by the hand, 220

Midwives and Milliners defy'd the weather ;

Barbers and Chimney-Sweepers walk'd together ;

Lawyers and Catchpoles, Pickpockets and Priests ;

Married and Single, horn'd and unhorn'd beasts.

So very a Chaos, so confus'd a plan, 225

You scarce might know a *Taylor* from a MAN !

First march'd a desp'rate gang to murder bred,

Old *Hamilton* their master at their head :

Old *Hamilton* who in pursuit of pelf,

Would forge inglorious shackles for himself, 230

High

High on a board a weekly print he rear'd,  
 Where Bonner's name and Middleton's appear'd;  
 Where ministerial trash offends the eye,  
 Without the merit of a *well told lye*;  
 Where *Philadelphian forgery* reviv'd, 235  
 Week after week matur'd by Rancour thriv'd  
 This, to the Croud, the cunning leader gave,  
 Whilst Folly shouted and whilst Sense look'd grave,  
 Look'd grave to find in Reason's mental scale,  
 That Imposition could so far prevail! 240

Close to these last, upborne by peccant spleen  
 Aloft in air another board was seen,  
 Which Dulness with *blue-chalk* had scrawl'd upon  
 —SUPPORTERS OF THE CON-STI-TU-TI-ON!—  
 On either side a wretch appear'd to view, 245  
 A Roman Catholic this, and that a Jew,  
 (These (the SUPPORTERS by the *scrawl* design'd)  
 Jog'd gently on, nor deign'd to look behind;  
 Whilst cool *Contempt*, who mingled with the throng,  
 P-s'd in their pockets as they trug'd along. 250

Next

Next came—O Grief of Griefs!—by Error plan'd  
 A *small beer* barrel empty in his hand,  
 With dirty shirt, blue-wig and hungry face,  
 The miserable emblem of disgrace,  
 Next came a wretch, by Laughter led in sport, 255  
 To marr the very Cause he should support;  
 Shewing his master's *hospitable* cheer,  
 Under the meager type of *Sour small beer*!  
 His prudent Master who can nearly vie,  
 For Meanness and Contempt with *Parson Sp-y*: 260  
*Sp-y*, who to fordid wretchedness allied,  
 Half Starves his Servants to support his Pride.

And next—O fatal to Ambition's aim!  
 The certain prelude to approaching shame!  
 High 'bove the Croud a sable axe appear'd, 265  
 Sacred to Death the barb'rous edge was bar'd;  
 Sacred to Death, who idly lag'd behind,  
 Midst Flags and Streamers flutt'ring in the wind.

These were succeeded by an antic throng,  
 Of senseless knaves who slowly mov'd along, 270  
 Here *Randolph*, rous'd at Party's loud alarm,

With

Dix in his "Life of Thomas Chatterton" says: "Thistlethwaite was a Colston's School boy, and apprenticed to M<sup>r</sup>. Grant, bookseller and stationer, near Leonard's Gate, at the bottom of Corn Street. He afterwards went to London, and studied the law. He advocated Granger's party. Author of the "Consultation," "The Prediction of Liberty," "The Tories in the Dumps," "Corruption." &c. &c."

W<sup>m</sup>. Matthews in the first edition of his Bristol Guide published in 1793, in his account of Chatterton alludes to "M<sup>r</sup>. Thistlethwaite (a kindred genius) was his cotemporary & companion," & afterwards states; - "M<sup>r</sup>. James Thistlethwaite, native of this City, now resident in London, already mentioned as a cotemporary with Chatterton, has been the ingenious author of several novels and poems, and various other miscellaneous productions. He is at present in some reputable department of the law."

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Matthews, who came to Bristol when a youth & who was at this time 47 years of age, was no

doubt well-acquainted with  
Thistlethwaite's career & writings.

"Who shall decide when doctors  
disagree"

The foregoing extracts show the  
great difficulties encountered by a student  
in arriving at historical truth. The  
authorities differ, notably as to the place  
of T's residence & his occupation.

It appears to me that this edition  
is probably the 1<sup>st</sup>, & not the one whose  
title is quoted by M<sup>r</sup>. Weare. In the  
latter the poem is stated by M<sup>r</sup>. W. to  
be in 4 cantos, Burgum is styled "Lord  
of the Manor of Llaostonbury &c." and is  
also "held up to ridicule" in the dedication.

In this pamphlet the poem is in 3  
cantos, no title is affixed to Burgum's  
name and he is neither "held up  
to ridicule", nor is "vilifying terms"  
used to him in the dedication as  
stated by M<sup>r</sup>. Latimer. Thistlethwaite  
also plainly states in this edition that  
he had not asked Burgum's consent  
to the dedication, but expects to receive  
"a favourable verdict" from Burgum's  
"good-nature" for his omission.

M<sup>r</sup>. Latimer also implies that the  
2<sup>nd</sup> edition was a bulkier work as  
"additional vituperation" by T. was  
contained in it.

For these reasons it appears to me  
that the edition mentioned by M<sup>r</sup>.  
Weare as containing 4 cantos must  
have been the 2<sup>nd</sup>. I have however  
seen no other edition of this pamphlet,  
& cannot speak positively.

A. J. Waterman.

Since writing the foregoing, I find  
on referring to Nicholls & Taylors  
"Pistol: Past & Present.", that my  
conjecture that this is the first-  
edition is correct. Mr. Nicholls  
says; - "It was after this election  
that Thistlethwaite published his  
Consultation, a mock heroic poem  
in three cantos pp. 48. In 1775 a  
second edition, to which he had  
added another canto, was published."  
A. J. W.



